

[Joseph Captiva]

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Provincetown. Mass. PORTUGUESE FISHERMAN.

Portugal and the Azores lie like armfuls of flowers in bowls of deep blue water. Except for brief storms and a rainy season they know little of grey skies or of cold. Yet the

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Portuguese come across to our grey coast and take up their life and their trade where they left off, without apparent nostalgia or any great difficulty of adjustment.

This, as far as the Portuguese fisherman is concerned, is simple to explain. He knows the sea, and the sea is the same whether it lies beneath the sun, or is swept by rain laden winds or is locked in hills of ice. As the Church to the Catholic is familiar in all climes because of the universal language of its liturgy, so the sea is home to its lovers wherever they feel a boat beneath their feet. [?]

This is especially true of the Portuguese. The great Portuguese industry is fishing. As the New Englander has, for generations, wrested his living from the soil and from trade, as the rancher in the West has fought for his great herds and the Southerner subsisted upon the snowy fruits of his cotton fields, so the people of Portugal and the Western islands have taken their living and the living of their children from the deep.

There have been and are, Yankee fisherman. But primarily the Yankees urge is toward trading, his bent toward agriculture. If, in his adventuring, his search for cargo, he brought home whale; if, seeing

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The children look Portuguese; dark eyed, attractive, temperamental.. They are, by choice and by education, American. They understand Portuguese, but speak little.

Mrs. Captiva is, herself, a perfect compromise. She is bi-lingual. She can cook a 'galvanised' roast of pork, or bake a pot of Boston beans with equal competence. She is well dressed and well educated. She is even modern in much of her viewpoint. But she never misses Mass on a Holy Day, if a friend dies she goes to the house to offer help and comfort, and to deep vigil with the dead, as her grandmother and great grandmother did before her in her homeland. And on Christmas Eve her house is open to all the old country people in honour of the 'Little Jesus.' [?]

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Captain Joe is around fifty and looks a good deal young younger . A little over medium height, he is exceedingly solid and powerful and is considered by everyone who knows him, 'One fine lookin' feller.'

I have given his story in his own words, and I have to the best of my ability and handicapped by the limitations of print reproduced his accent and intonations. The reproduction is, however, far from perfect. The Portuguese accent is not a consistent one. Sometimes they pronounce their final S 's with an Sh sound. Often in the same conversation, they do not. Sometimes their Is are ee, their th, t, and sometimes not. Particularly is it impossible to give on paper the singularly musical lilt and sing song which is characteristic of thier their intonation, and which is the quality which gives their way of speech its particular charm.

No limitations of recording could, however, fail to convey Captain Captiva's frankness, humour, philosophy, quiet courage and 4 and helpful interest. Sitting either in his home or in mine before a fireplace, built as it happens years ago by whaling captains, we discussed the old country and the new, the last generation and the next, the future and the [past?] and the thoughts and the hopes of the men who go down to the sea in ships. What he said follows here, unaltered and un revised. It gives me pleasure to present, [?]

CAPTAIN JOSEPH CAPTIVA.

of the ELMER S. " I was born in little town twenty miles from Lisbon. My wife she come from the islands. I come over here when I wash was, seventeen.. eighteen year old. The way I come, we had folks over here. They write to my father, tell him was good money over here. I wanted change, see new sights.. So I come over. After awhile I sen' for other people. Frien's an' relatives. That's how we all come. One sen' for others. [d.?)

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The ol' country you don' make much money. Sure, we was all fisherman me an' my brothers. Was four of us. My father he's feesh, too. An' his father. That's about all they do back there. Jus' fish.

First off 'course it seemed strange here. An' a long time ago th' Americans an' th' Portuguese they didn't get on so good. But after awhile they get used. An' they find out we're good fisherman. Anybody'll tell you they ain' no men can fish better than the Portuguese Portuguese. We can always get jobs on th' boats. Yes, ma 'am.

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" I wouldn't want work on land. Mos' Portuguese feels th' same way. Rather be independent. I like to be boss. An' I wouldn' never be happy without I had a boat under me. Yes, that's right. I got burned bad. I'll tell you about that sometime. That was fierce. Was bad luck. But I'm gettin' al right. I'll be goin' out again, soon. E [?]

[?]That's why I say I c'n help you out any time. I ain' got nothin' to do till my hands heals. I get tired doin' nothin'. You jus' ask me anything you wan' to know. It's good idea to ask a Portuguese.[?] Th' American fisherman he's good, too. But I don' think he feels like we do. [I'll tell you ever' thing I can. I'm glad to oblige. Glad to help you out any time.?] [?] "I'll tell you. [?] I'm figgerin' on goin' home. Yes ma'm, [?] back to th' ol' country. Ten years now since I seen it, an' I'm [sure?] figgerin' on goin'. It's gone be one these excursions, see? Forty dollars for th' fare. That' cheap enough, ain't it? In nineteen forty 's when the excursions [takes place?]. I'd like to take the wife an' the boy, but they don' want to go. None the children ain never seen Lisbon. F [?]

It'll [sure?] be nice to go home. On'y to stay a month, but I'm sure lookin' forward. Like I tol' you I was only a young man when I come over. An' I still got people back there. When did I start in fishin'? I can't remember when I didn' [didn't?] fresh [? ?] I Used to go out with my father when I was little boy.[?] They fish mos'ly with hooks back there; they's some draggin', but mos'ly hooks. It's pretty back there. Everybody's cheerful aller time.

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They don't hurry like over here. C Sure, the boy he's fishin'. He's good fisherman. The Portuguese 6 Sure The boy he's fishin'. He's good fisherman, the [?] " boysh boys, they do more like th' ol' man. Of course, some of 'em get these ideas to High School. Don' do 'em no good 's I can see, but don' do 'em no harm neither. [Lotsa?] these Americans they tell me their boys is to th' city; got jobs here, got jobs here there . We [like?] have our boys weeth us. I like to have the boy on my boat. Teach 'im what I know. Then I know where he is. What he's doin'. The boat she'll be his when I go, see? He'd oughter know how to handle her. [b?]

Yes, the burns is some better. It wash good luck for me I didn' burn no muscles. [?]Jeeze! I sure come near lose my boat. Like I told you I just fixed her up nice; new paint, clean her up, ever' thing. Then I was goin' put in whole new engine. Well, sir! I need some tar, so I got her in a bucket, heat up onna onan fire, see? Firsht First thing I know, she ketches.. goes right up! My boy he shout [to raise the dead.] I grab the 'stinguisher an' let her have it, but tar she burns terrible. ['stinguisher don' do no good.] a.

I see I'm gone lose my boat. I holler at the boy an' at the other men. [They [refuse?] to go below.] change to [?] You can' blame 'em. The flames is comin' up red. But she's my boat. She's all I got, so what could I do? I go down. I grab th' tar bucket, throw her overboard.. [throw?] over some parts the engine..stamp out th' flames.. Anyways I save my boat. If she'd went all my life'd been gone. All my work, ever' thin'. Yes, ma'm, it hurt pretty bad, , [/But?] I don' t'ink she'll leave no scars. I been out fishin' few days ago, but I wasn' no good, My hands she swole all up. Drove Drive me crazy! Was a big catch an' I couldn't do nothin'. But I was glad to get out in th' boat again. Oh sure, I'll be out in 'nother week again. ?

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["I been writin' about these excursion I was tellin' you 'bout. They got a nice boat, gone be fine trip.?] # I'm gone right away to th' place I was born, twenty miles outer Lisbon. I'm figgerin' en goin' sure. 'Course I might have bad luck. If I had two, three bad seasons I

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couldn' go. But forty dollars is reasonable. That's a [real?] cheap trip. So I guess I go pretty sure. H. Yes, ma'm, we'll have stay a mont' back home. After that[?] [?] [/Why?] after that o' course I come back home again. “

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[The holidays took a good deal of Captain Captiva's time, but then he came and told me about it.?] # [?]

“Sure I had fine Chris'mus. Night o' th' little Jesus..[Christmas?] Eve, you know, we went all over town. Was lights on alla Portuguese houses. Had wine an' cakes.. the best o' ever' thing. Ever'body singin'. My son he come in weeth a big crowd. Some Americans; writers, artis's an' like that, and some Portuguese. We go ever' wheres. An' boys! I was surprise'. Some those American kids, they sing the Portuguese songs 's good as I do. Cut ? Christmas appears in many sketches Hard to [sit?] in

Yes. We make a lot o' Chris'mus. But not so much as in th' ol' country. Over there, right now, from th' Little Jesus to twelve, thirteen January is singin' ever' night, an ' drinkin' an' dancin'. I guess we enjoy ourselves harder than th' Americans. Work hard when we work, play hard when we play. I sure would like to be over there right now. 8 “Well, I found out about th' excursion. # The Portugal Minister, he's fix it up. He says, must be two t'ousand people. So what's he go now on th' list? he's twenty f've t'ousand, an' more comin'. They'll be three boats, maybe four. Sail from Providence. Have a great time alla way. g

My wife don' wanna go. She was too young when she come over here. She don' hardly remember nothin' about th' ol' country. But I can' understand why th' boy he don' want to go. [I can' understan' that. When I was his age an' I got a chance like that I'd be crazy with joy. to go. But he ain' interested. He thinks the ol' country's slow.

An' that's right, too,[kind of.?] But it's pretty there.

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[Well, I been fishin' again an' this time the han's ain' swole up.?] # This is a good season for feesh fish . Sure, I know why. It's warm, that's why. When it comes col' an' they's ice in th' bay an' like that, the fish they make for warmer waters. Have to chase 'em all over th' place. But now they mos' jump into th' boat. [?] # Yes, ma'm. It's draggin' I do. We drag, with big nets along th' bottom, see? I don' go out nights much no more, but I got accomodations on my boat so's eight men can sleep on board. Yes. That's right. Eight men. She's a sloop. That's one mast. But they ain't no sailin' now. My new engine she's beautiful. Raises my profit. Used to cost ten, twelve dollarsh dollars a day to take the boat out. Now costs only two, three. Much better engine. L

I got a good crew, too. Me, I'm cap'n. Then I got engineer, an' a cook. An' my boy he fishes.. But we only stay out a day or two. Used to go to th' Banks ever' year. I dunno what for. It's jus' a habit some fisherman's got. They got to go to the Banks L continued [?] 9 9 “ every year.

That trip to th' Banks, it was awful! Stay away six mont's, work night an' day, an' then after that you've made three, four hund'ed dollars. Tain' worth it. They's jus' as good fish near home [and?] not so hard work.

o' course, scallopin', that's differunt. That's terrible work, too. Out weeks an' draggin' weeth big, heavy, steel [neds?] nets . But there'sh big money to it. Big money.. but it's awful work. Have to be strong like a horse to stan' it. L. No ma'm. don' never get scared, I don' know nothin' else, on'y fishin' an' the sea. I never t'ink about drownin' any mor 'n you think about danger in the streets to th' city. Sure, the women worries I guess. You c'n remember the wailin's maybe when the boats was [late?] out an' there was storms? But the womens always worryin' about somethin' anyways. It's their nature. My wife now, she worries sometimesh sometimes about th' boy. I tell her he's better off to sea than runnin' roun' with all these wild crowds. Ain' drowned yet, nor I ain' drown yet. She wouldn' really want me to come a-shore. Her people was fishin' folks too. She knows I wouldn' be no good on land.

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Yes. I'm goin' out to-morrow. About three, four in the [mornin?]. No, I don' go to bed particular early. I'm used not to get much sleep. I'll bring you some those filets o' sole to-morrer night. Yes. Flounderin'. That's right. That's what we're doin' now. Oh, Jeeza'. Don't think that way. I got more 'n I can use. It's a beautiful season. The strike 'll do a little harm, sure. Hol's us back. But 10 "if we got to we c'n sail the fish up to Boston, an' then a fas' freight she'll take 'em right into New York. [?]

Listen'. The 's goin' to be big Fisherman's Ball nex' mont' down to Town Hall. No one can't go without an invitation but if you like to go I can fix it. All right. Sure, I'll fix. They're gone dance Chameritas an' ever'thing. Well, I'll go now. Nex' time I'll tell you some more about th' excursion to Portugal, nineteen forty.

Captain Captiva gave me regular interview and between times I met him and talked to his son and to his friends and from them all got a feeling of the courage and particularly of the humour of him and his fellow fishermen. That is the thing which cannot be reproduced and which leavened all our conversations. Captain Cantiva's humour. his words, pithy and intelligent by themselves, gained immeasurably in point, interest and entertainment value because of the chuckle behind his pleasant voice and the twinkle in his dark eyes. His [superabunds?] vitality brought him a ways to the appointment with fresh enthusiasm. His tales of his childrens' incredulity, his gentle mockery at the superstitions of his fellows, / the record of his disbelief that the world has changed very much or that there is very much difference between human beings, should really all be read aloud by whatever [members?] of one's family group is able histrionically to register tolerance, quiet amusement and the dryness of unspoken but unmistakable commentary. As for instance in the following: [?] 11 [? can't seem to fit this in anywhere

["We had a little trouble to-day. Nothin' much. Somebody he [started?] talkin' about a peeg, an' the men don' like that. They say talk of peegs brings bad luck. Some can' have a cat a-board, some don' wan' no woman to go over boats. I think it's a lotta nonsense, but I seen some strange theengs happen al a same.?] You ever hear how I got th' name Captiva?

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Listen. # My great gran' father he was Spanish an' he was took prisoner by the Moors. After two, t'ree months he escape. He come to Portuga an' settle down in little village near Lisbon. He was young feller; very handsome, good fisherman. He had scars from Moorsh prison. He was brave an' also he tol' big stories, how he escape an' kill Moors an' ever' thing. So ever'body they call him 'Captiva' That means prisoner.. So that's the name we had since then. [?] [No ma'm,] I don' know what the name was firsht first. Ain' got no records much in th' ol' country. They didn' use keep records for babies or marriages or nothin'. But now we're Captivas.. People say the Captivas got to be brave because of my great gran' father, see? [An' how he excaped an' all.] J.

When I tell th' children first they won' believe me. But now they do. Firs' they laugh an' say, some more storiesth! Th' ol' country she's far away, see, for them. Don' seem real. An' they think they know more than their ol' man nowadays.

It's the schools does it. They used keep sendin' [word?] home. This have so much milk, so much orange juice. Mus' brush teeth. I never brush my teeth in th' ol' country. Nobody did. An' I got fine teeth. Now I brush 'em but it wasn't never the custom home. I sen' back [word?] to th' teacher once. I says, 'tell 'em I know 'em when they was little. Their 12 " fathers was fishermen jus' like me. They never had no orange juice an' no quarts o' milk.' But they laugh. Say times is change'. I guess so!

Yes, sure, the schools is better over here. When I was a boy there, there wasn't no public schools where I come from. You pay fifty cents a month each chil' to a teacher an' th' one man he teach everything. The young people over here, they have a good time.

Back home th' ol' folks was stric'. Too stric'. Young people was alla time runnin' away. My kids they bring their frien's home. That younges' girl o' mine, she's always after me dance weeth her, go out places. Kids aren' afraid of the ol' folks any more. I think that's a good thing. But you can be too sof' too! J.

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You mind that priest we had here, long time ago, Father Terra? Ever'body said how he was too stric' an' he scolded alla time? That's true, but jus' the same if he was here now you wouldn' see no such goin's on like what the young people they're doin' to-day. Father Terra'd a gone into the bars, see any young people there he'd a sent 'em home, give their mothersh mothers a good talkin' to. That's what they need. Somebody they can't talk back to. The priests we got now they're good men, fine men an' they work hard, but they're too sof' with the people. [?]

But it's a good place to live. Good money an' chances for th' young people. They say it's bad times now, but we ain' never seen bad times here like in th' ol' country[.?] ..

Anyt'ing particular you wanna know? Oh, you heard about that shark I caught? Jeeze! I laughe over' time I think of that. It come out in all th' papers an' ever'thing, It was thees way. We 13 "go out one mornin' an' start draggin' an' before we got no catch the nets catch on th' rocks an' tore all to pieces. Boys! I was mad! The fish was good an' nothin' to do but we got to put in an' take all day an' mend those nets. [?]

Well, we put in an onna dock a reporter he come up an' asks all kinds a questions. Why was I come back? What happen? All that. It seemed like to me he oughter be able to see what happen'. So I showes him the net an' I says, 'see that?' I says, 'A man eatin' shark done that,' I says. "What'd I do with him? Why, I kill him an' throw him overboard.' It was a joke, see? The men they laugh like anything, but the reporter he believe me an' that's how the story got printed. No ma'm. I wouldn' tell you no stories like that. That was for a joke an' because I go mad." [?]

And until just recently the weather continued good. "Well, we sure had a good week. Fine catch, fine weather.. ever'thing. How many fish # my boat can hold? Boys! [/She?] can hol' twenty fi' thousand pound. That's right. Twenty fi' thousand, [No, I guess not.] We don' often get that much. Sometime we do, though.

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One time we went out seven t'irty, eight o'clock at night. Nine o'clock we come back in..full. Yes ma'm! Twenty fi' thousand pound thees silver perch. Made a thousand dollar that one night. No not me by myself. We fish on shares. Oh sure. I get mos' because the boat she's mine but all the men takes their share. [M?]

We go out nights when we hear the fish she's runnin' good.

M continued [p. 14?]

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“ That's a funny thing. We don' have no reg'lar plan, where we go, but no boat never goes alone. No. We start out, try alla places where we know fish comes sometimes. Then when we come back one boat comes up, the Cap says, “You had good catch?” If I say “ yes “ then likely he'll say, “ Geeze “ I didn' get nothin'. I'm comin' weeth you to-morrow.” Or if I didn' do so good, nex' day I go out with a crowd's got a good catch.

If you want you could come out in th' boat when we ain' gone stay but a few hours. Sure, I'll fix it, Theresh plenty room. We'll wait for a good day. You tell me when. See.. I can tell you about ever' thing. I can tell you shtories, I can tell you all what we do..but I can' tell you th' feelin's. You gotter see how we go.. what we do. M [?] # Look.. We start about three, four inna mornin'. It's dark an' boys! Is it col'. Well, an' then we go outside th' harbour. Not far.. couple hours[?], maybe.. an' start fishin'. It's get light then an' they's coffee onna stove. Ever' body feels good. Yes. Sure. I got a beautiful stove on my boat. We cook chowder, oyster stew, make coffee..ever'thing. n' An' plenty o' room. Like I told you, eight people can sleep there. You'll like it out for a day. A nice, calm day.. no rockin'. no storms! We'll pick one for you. You can bring your friends. It'll be like a excursion. [?] No. we We don' get so tired unless by night we've worked hard. # Then mebbe we wan' stretch ourselves, have a little fun. But we don' mind getting up early. People don' need so much sleep 's they think. Look at me. Been fishin' thirty years. Sometimes up two, t'ree nights. I always start early mornin's. But when I get home, I don' 15 “want to go to bed. Maybe have

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a little nap, then work aroun' the house, or go out an' see my friends..have a little drink maybe down to Mac's, have some frien's in for supper an' a glass o' ale.. Once I'm off the boat, I want a change..

Yes, sure, I c'n fry fish myself. If I couldn' fry fish an' make chowder I'd ha' starved plenty o' times. Well, some fries it on way an' some another. The yankees they generally puts salt pork in to it. But we use the olive oil. Yes, that's right.. roll the fish up in flour. Then put your i' oil in th' pan. Let it get real hot.. smokin' ..An' don' keep turnin' th' fish. Leave it cook one side till she's brown's a pork chop. An' that puts me in mind.. you ever eaten our [We make galvanized pork ? You come over some day, an' my wife she'll give you some. You make it like this[.?] you take a good pork roas' or chops an' all day you dip 'em in sauce made with vinegar and garlic an' real hot peppers, then you cook 'em like always. They're swell.. M "Jeeze! I'm teachin' you cookin' stead of talkin' about the sea! But fried fish an' galvanised pork..that's real Portuguese. No Portuguese fisherman goes without that..

Well, ma'm you jus' let me know when you want an' I'll pick that day for you to come fishin'. It'll give you a better idea. We'll show you ever thing. Yes, you bet, you an' me will [?] write us a good story."

But before the boat trip could be arranged winds were blowing up, bring bringing winter to the Harbour and the Fisherman's ball brought everyone ashore. Captain Captiva got tickets for my house hold. [?]

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"The dance was pretty, wasn't it? No, I didn't see you. Look at the Fisherman's Ball. Seven hunderd people there . you couldn' see no one. Sure, my My wife was there an' my girls. [It's for the families.?] I know. It was hard to get tickets. You can ' buy them tickets . It's like invitations. I could ha' sol' mine, fifty times. Ever'body wants to go. How'd you like the Chamarita is nice ? I suppose you seen them before long's you been here. Nice, ain't it? It's graceful, too. You should see it in th' ol' country..weeth the big skirts an' th' bright

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shawls the women wears. It's pretty. Not like these jitters an' shags and like that. [here?] [/They?] don' dance no more. Jus' jump aroun'.. Who me? Oh, [/Sure,?] I shag sometimes. You gotter nowadays. My girl the younges' one she likes make me dance weeth her. She says, "Don' be behind the times, pa. She's a great kid. " K Sure its Its nice when th' whole family goes out that way. That's the way in Portugal. The families make what we call 'fiesta ' together. It's not like here, the women out all day, the men out all nights.. Unless once in a while like Sat'day nights the men they go out have a few drinks..

"Plenty people say the Portuguese don' care for their wives 'cause they don' make much fuss. They care all right. Sure, they care. Only weeth us the man's the boss. Ever'thing is for the man. Makes him feel big, I guess. If a woman she's a good wife, has children keeps the house nice, she's all right.

Alla same with us, it's like weeth with all th' other countries. The woman she's boss in th' house. Yes, ma'm she runs the house the way she wan's, jus' so she has the meals right an' takes care the children.. K continued [p?] 17

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"[?] "That's one thing. I think the Portuguese [take?] have more interes' like in the children. Maybe it's only fishermen, they don' see 'em so often, I dunno. But th' The The Americans, they talk about th' kids, but they don' stay round 'em so much. Me, for instance, I liked play with mine when they was little. Always plannin' on havin' the boy weeth with me, an' the girls educated an' growin' up nice.. His family she means a lot to a Portuguese.. Sometimes Americans they'll say, "I shouldn' never have married. Just a worry.." But the Portuguese he most generally plans that way.. K

Maybe he plays aroun' some, but he always plans have his own home, his children. Likes a good family. That's his life..that's what he works for. A man weeth with no family, that's a man generally has something wrong, with the Portuguese.

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Bein' at sea [likely?] makes you like your home better. Somethin' to come back to. But I think mos' all Portuguese feels pretty much like that.

"Yes, sure. A lot of the fisherman's wives they go out to work. The way things is, sometimes bad, sometimes good, they feel like they got to help. But soon's the men get goin' the wife's through. She stays home then. Yes ma'm, we like for our wives to be home. #

I'm homy myself this week. Boys! this col' she's fierce for fishin'. Jus' when they was runnin' good, too. But it won' las'. Yestiday was warnin's for small craft to put in. No, not any more. They use' to be storm signals out to Woodshole. They got broke two, t'ree years ago an' they ain' never replace them. We gotta radio now, see? Yes ma'm. That's where we get the reports. [?] 18 [delete page](#)

Sure, they're pretty good. They're mos most gen'ally right. But I'll tell you. It's like this. The weather's change'. Sure, it soun's funny. But look.. years ago, we got lotsa snow an and ice. Good, long hard winter. We knew we had to go pretty far to find th' fish an' we went. I mind when I first come over, how surprise' I was to see alla snow an' ice. Back home we go barefoot all winter.

Well, an' now what you get? All different kin's. Snow turns to ice an' ice to rain an' maybe hail. Then all atonce it comes like Spring in December, maybe..

The win's ain't the same neither. Used to be you could say, Nor' Easter, t'ree to five days blow, Sout' Easter, two to t'ree. Nort' Wester, maybe t'ree..an' like that. Now no more. The win's dance all aroun'.

Sure, maybe that's a little bit strong, but it's true the weather's change'. Yes ma'm, I can pretty gen'ally tell if they's gone be a storm I don't know. I feel it like. All the fishermen, the can feel like that when the weather's gone be bad.

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I'm goin' out soon the weather's good. No, I don't mean warm. It doesn't make no matter about the col' cold, but they's too much wind. It'll be a fine thing we get as that yacht has in here nex' summer. Good for everyone. This is a dang'ous harbour. See that schooner, she put in here th' other night? Th' damn things sunk at her anchor. That's a terrible harbour.

You see across from you the fellers is getting the nets ready for th' traps? They'll be goin' out earlier this year if th' weather stays bad. Gen'ally they go out roun' early Spring but [?] if no one 19 "brings in much fish, they gotta get out the traps. The col' storages ain' workin' none to speak of. Jus' men on hour work an' when they have to lead th' trucks. Jeeze! Seems too bad. Th' season started out nice. Makes it tough for th' town.

But like I say, I don't think it'll last. We don't often have such long spells when it shtays bad like this. So maybe any day now I bring you a nice mess o' fish... Say, you see that man I jus' talk to over at col' storage[,?] That's Bennie Regular. I ain' seen him for a long time. What? Regular? No, no. That ain' his name. That's his nickname. They call him that 'cause he's a reg'lar fellow. They call him that ever since he was little. He's re'glar see? space #

Th' Portuguese is great for givin' nicknames to ever' one. More'n th' Americans, I guess. Who me? Sure. They call me Pulaski. That means peppy, full of life, full o' fun. Then they was a whole family in town. We used call them the Baubas; means dumb, kinder foolish. An' they's Joe Portygee. That means he's all Portuguese. Very Portuguese, the way he looks, an' talks an' ac's. Jus' like in th' old country.. " I " "Then they's my boy, they call him "Kak [it?]. I dunno what that means. An' young Morrie over her, he's "Fonda" on account of this Captain Fonda, tol' such tall stories. An' "Zorra" that means "Fox". Zorra's family got that name long ago, like my family got "Captiva". Zorra's family was awful good fishermen, so where they live they call 'em "Fox o' the sea".

Then they's a whole family they call'em "Goddam". [Jackie?] Goddam, Mamie Goddam an' like that. I continued p 20

“ That's ‘cause th’ ol’ lady she couldn' speak English so good an' she'd call the children when they was little, “ You come here, goddam. Don' you do that, goddam.. “ So they call 'em the goddams..

Then they's lots I couldn' tell you. They ain' so nice. The Portuguese they make a lot o' jokes an' they'll name a man because he ac's this way or that way, goes theee place or that, an' sometimes the names they ain' so polite. They's one family, used to call 'em the “ dirties “ I dunno. I guess the ol’ woman she ain' such a good house-keeper or somethin' Anyways that what they call 'em. You ask, ‘[Do?] you know Fankie Frankie , or [Manuel?], or Tony?’ an' they'll say, “ You mean one o of the dirties. “ [? Jazzyarties?]

They's names, too, for places. The Lisbons, we call 'em “ Quail “ That means ‘ rabbits ‘. They's a real Portuguese family name, too, “ Quail “ . But Lisbons is always called Quail. An' the people that comes from St. Michael's island we calls 'em “h Kikes “ I couldn' say why. But that's what we call 'em. “ Kikes “ . I

Besides the nicknames a lot o' ol’ country people changes their names over here. Say ol’ country names is too hard to say. I think that's foolish. Anybody can learn say, “ Silva “ or “ Captiva “ or “ Cabral “ . Jeeze! They ain' so hard. Anyways a lot of 'em used change. Some th’ Perrys was Perrera, I guess. An' here's these two brothers an' they change' the name an' now one's called, ‘ Smith , an' th’ other ‘ Carter ‘. That don' make no sense. Some th’ poses was Rosario an' they's go a lot change'. But you [woul'n'?] get me to change my name, [Captiva?] I guess not! ? wouldn'

[And then with the coming of better weather and hopes for re-newed good luck, a little trouble arose on land. [?] Even the sea, it appears, is not wide enough for everyone amicably to share its fruits. And big business reaches out beyond the Harbour lights. The fishermen, however are not too much worried and Captain Captiva explains why.?)

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[?] “ Pretty soon we got to go down th’ Cape settle all this some business. Well, it's like this. You know th’ draggers.. ones like I told you drags th’ nets along th’ bottom.. An' the seiners; they's the ones sets nets aroun' the Schools at th’ surface? Well, they're in together like.

Now th’ col’ storage's got worried. They use th’ weirs.. like traps..an' they trawl. An' they don' want us in shore get the silver perch. Las' time we have a fight about this we agree we go three miles out summers. But winters we fish ever'wheres. N

That's what they don' like. Why? You ever know a business didn' want ever'thing. Sure, they's no reason we should go outside winters. The weirs ain' out winters. Summers different.

But we won' have no trouble. [Weall?] We'll go up to Boston. Whole bunch of us. Oh sure, they got to have silver perch. Perch's about th’ only fresh they can make money on. Well, see, say it cos's three cents a pound freeze the fish, an' maybe it's cheap fish, gets only on cent, two cents a pound, like that boy don' make no money. But they's plenty o' fish. N - continued p 22

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“ They claims we take alla fish. But that ain' so. They jus' wants it all. An' it don' make sense we should go outside winters when they ain' fishin'. No, we We don' mind goin' up to Boston. I guess not! Las' time we hired us two buses. Sing all th’ way, stop have a little drink now an' then;had a good time. An' we win, so comin' back we felt fine. Was a nice trip. I guess we'll have a good one this time. N.

[I'll tell you about it when I get back. Sure. Be gladto. Any time.”

And here it seems a good time to leave Captain Captiva, preparing to go with his fellow workers to defend his rights, unworried, counting on ‘a good time’ coming and going. Leave him looking forward to many more years, 'some good, some bad', all useful,

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hardworking and productive, and leave him, too, to carry on a tradition from the old world along with the enterprise of the new; hoping indeed that he, and many like him, after the 'excursion' of nineteen forty will, having will gone home will 'of course, come home again.'?] [?]